

TOC H JOURNAL



JULY
MCMXLI

PUBLISHED BY TOC H FROM ITS HEADQUARTERS, AT
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THREEPENCE

This NOTICE hangs in TOC H SERVICES CLUBS

TOC H SERVICES CLUB

This is a Club, not only a Canteen although one is always open. So use it like your own home and help look after it. Toc H stands for Friendship and Service. We hope you will find this a cheerful place where people help each other.

Toc H is a family whose members believe that the Christian faith is meant to be lived all the week, not just preached on Sunday. They don't claim to be good. They claim only to be triers.

Talbot House (T H pronounced Toc H) was a soldiers' club, 1915-1918, at Poperinghe in Flanders. Now Toc H is round the world. Wherever you meet it, greet it and expect to be welcomed.

IF YOU WANT TO KNOW MORE ABOUT
TOC H, ASK THE WARDEN OR ONE
OF THE TOC H VOLUNTEERS WHO
SERVES YOU HERE.



*The Lamp of Maintenance
The Symbol of Toc H*

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TOC H JOURNAL

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AROUND THE MAP

Iceland Points the Way

Toc H magazines, national or local, printed or typed and duplicated, are and have been legion. Some live a month, some twenty years, some refuse to die. A new recruit to this great company of optimists is *Northern Light*, 'the magazine of Toc H in Iceland.' Its yellow cover carries not only the Lamp but the Polar Bear, the sign of the British Force in Iceland. There is plenty of meat in it—news, notices, a touch of humour. Let us lift one quotation, from a speech made at a Naval Guest-night held in the Toc H Services Club at Reykjavik by that fine Toc H member, Rear-Admiral Rodney Scott, who commands the Royal Navy in Iceland waters:

"The Toc H spirit is the spirit the post-war world must have if civilization is to continue. It is the spirit which is innate, deep down in human beings, which wells up in times of real hardship, common hardship, and in facing reality: but which tends to submerge in normal times. It is a helpful, friendly, frank spirit, an earnest spirit too. If Britain after the war is to be a new and live Britain, this must be its spirit, and now is a great opportunity to make it so. For now every man, woman and child is touched by war. Thousands of young men and women, as a result of the war, have come in touch with Toc H and will instinctively feel it to be what they want. After the war Toc H must be ready to lead the way, to play a prominent part. It will need leadership, thought and enthusiasm. It is not for me now to discuss ways and means, but I would only say this, that we need to be very simple and clear and definite, so that men can fix the ideals in their minds—ideals of sacrifice and service, of giving and helping, of friendliness, as well as the consciousness of their dependence on one another. Only if we are definite will men resolve to live and think in that sort of way—and resolve is what we must have. Toc H is a society with a special outlook; it cannot afford to be vague, for that achieves nothing. So Toc H has a great opportunity and a great responsibility in the days to come. . . ."

This is well said. It points the way for Toc H now and after the war.

Toc H in Prison

It is very difficult to get a picture of life in a German prison camp, but we can all imagine how members of Toc H who are fellow-prisoners might find in the fellowship of the family and in small opportunities of service to the prison community true relief from the tedium and inaction of captivity. Already we have news in prisoners' letters home of the starting of several Groups in prison camps, and all of us will feel that these should be as fully 'recognised' as any units in the world.

Three of our staff men were at first imprisoned in an officers' camp, Oflag VII C/H, and started a Group there. When they left they had roped in some new members and were able to leave the unit in good hands, with 2nd-Lieut. H. Jackson as Secretary. Jackson was afterwards moved, with 300 other British officers, to a men's camp, Stalag XXA, in a remote spot at Thorn in Poland: this was announced as a 'reprisal' for the alleged ill-treatment of German prisoners in Canada. Stalag XXA already contained at least 15 members of Toc H who had formed a Group, with Percival Bacon as Secretary. Bacon wrote on May 4, in answer to a letter from H.Q.:—

"So glad to hear we can form an unofficial Group. This we have done and things are progressing alright. Concert Party, talks, lectures, social committee, repertory company and symphony octet. Many of these are run by experts in their line and the results o.k. We have a padre (Capt. Parsons of Tunbridge Wells), so that our spiritual side is not neglected. We had an excellent 'do' on St. George's Day. Most of the fellows here are in the best of spirits. . . . Contented at things in general."

Jackson, with other officer members and Bacon, an 'other rank,' are both still carrying on, but whether together or in separate sections of Stalag XXA is not yet clear.

Lieut.-Colonel F. J. Morris, a doctor from Worksof Group, was imprisoned in Oflag IIIA, whence he wrote to report no less than three Groups of Toc H, each with its own Toc H padre. He has also been sent, by way of reprisal, to Stalag XXA.

We have at least six members in Stalag VIIIB and four in Stalag IXC, and may expect to hear of them getting together. All five of our staff men are now, of course, together in Ilag XIII, a civilian internment camp, and we hear of their activities, though there is no positive news of an organised Group yet.

From the Argentine

T. B. Stewart, Hon. Toc H Commissioner for the Argentine writes home from Buenos Aires:—

"Talk about propaganda! I think the way the people at home are standing up to the severe bashing they are receiving is the finest thing I have ever seen as propaganda. One only needs to talk to one's Argentine friends to learn what a deep impression this attitude of the British people is making. Nothing but sheer admiration and sympathy are being expressed by everyone you meet, and I can assure you that if the concentrated wishing of the Argentine people could bring victory to Britain and her allies to-day, the victory would be there . . ."

"In Toc H here, although we have lost quite a lot of stout fellows who have volunteered, we are carrying on as best we can. The units, some of them smaller than usual, of course, are still carrying on manfully. In community jobs they are taking their rightful place and their work for local institutions and charities is being kept up. I think the moral and spiritual level is higher amongst them than it has been for a long time. The war has made men, even the young men, really think of the eternal realities—which is all to the good for the future of the world. . ."

Sociedade Brasileira do Toc H

A welcome letter from the Jobmaster of Toc H Rio de Janeiro gives a *résumé* of the Branch's doings for the past year. Toc H in Brazil is, of course, very much in a foreign country and it was found necessary some time ago, in view of legal difficulties which affect foreign societies in the country, to incorporate it as *Sociedade Brasileira do Toc H*. This obliges it to elect to the committee a majority of members having Brazilian nationality. For 1940/41, therefore, they elected Gilbert Broad (members at home met him on leave a few years ago) as President and Charles Skey as Secretary, both British by origin but Brazilian

by residence, and Manoel do Rego Barros, Brazilian-born, as Treasurer. The law allows Toc H to set up sub-units in other parts of the country, but its only legal residence is Rio and its only officers in the eyes of the law are the three named. The Branch started the year with 14 active members. Since then some have gone home to join the Forces, two have died and some of the stalwarts, numbering 10, have been unable to attend regular meetings. But a great reinforcement has arrived with the return to Rio from Buenos Aires of Padre Ivor Evans, now a Bishop. The Branch has reduced its meetings, in the great heat of summer, to twice a month, with a monthly dinner together at the first of these. Probationers are hard to come by, jobs with such small man-power are limited (the occasional 24-hour visit of a British warship mobilises them), and members have seriously considered whether the Branch is justified in retaining its Lamp—which replaces one destroyed in one of the periodical revolutions some years ago. Those of us who know the difficult conditions of Toc H work in Brazil will congratulate the little band of members on holding together and wish them every kind of encouragement.

From East Africa

Reference has already been made to the joint work which Toc H and Y.M.C.A. are doing under the official name of 'Union Defence Force Institutes,' for South African troops fighting in East Africa. The high light of the news since received is the opening of Talbot House in ADDIS ABABA on April 26. The report says:—

"This event, which took place only fifteen days after the entry of the Springbok troops, must surely constitute a record in speedy work and shows clearly what a live team is operating under the modest title of 'U.D.F.I.' A particularly pleasing feature of this House is that it was established by Lieut. Ashmead, who was sent up as part of the Y.M.C.A. team and is actually O.C. Mobile Canteens. This proves once again that in East Africa the main loyalty of U.D.F.I. men is not to Y.M.C.A. or Toc H but to the job which has to be done."

Another gratifying item of news from 'Up North' is that ERIC TUCKER, for many years well known to us as General Secretary of Toc H Southern Africa and editor of *The*

Compass, which is in the front rank of overseas Toc H magazines, has now joined the U.D.F.I. staff; he previously held a commission in the Union forces.

A long and amusing account of the opening and early struggles of Talbot House in NAIROBI, written by Padre W. R. P. Evans, its Warden, has reached us. Here are some odd sentences:—

"The first Talbot House was opened in East Africa on Christmas Day, 1940. . . The premises consisted of two shops, forming the downstairs, and upstairs blocks of offices which gave nine rooms. . . On January 2-4 we closed for structural alterations. . . Needless to say, the work was not completed in time. Indian *fundis* and work people, the most perfect 'yes-men' the world has ever produced, like disembodied spirits appeared and disappeared with unfailing irregularity. They, never seemed too sure of what they had to do and how to do it, and, more often than not, whether it was worth doing. Yesterday and to-morrow were their favourite days for working, and by the time they had more or less finished, the repairs had to be started. However, the work of Talbot House went on. . . It is the proud boast of the staff that they have worked their way from the floor upwards, and this is literally true. For about a week they slept on the floor with just blankets, then on to camp beds, which collapsed nightly and twice on Sundays: from there to civilised beds, mattresses, pillow cases and wardrobes, to the final dignity of sheets. . . In addition to the staff in those days, we obliged the military on two occasions and slept 40 to 50 men. . . The kitchen was equipped for hot meals, the showers were finished and we were ready. . . We expected a slow increase in the number of soldiers who came, but were wrong. The increase was not slow, it jumped and continued to jump; the jump caught us rather on the hop. The kitchen equipment was inadequate, the hot-water boiler was inadequate, the table space was inadequate, and the hot grills became less varied. As the evening wore on the cry went up 'potatoes off, tomatoes off, bacon off!' Valiant efforts were made, fresh oil-stoves were rushed to the kitchen, meetings were held to discuss the situation, orders were doubled. However the soldiers were never dissatisfied. . . At a rough estimate we served daily about 30 breakfasts, 50 luncheons and 100 dinners, and about 800 men would come in daily and on Saturday and Sunday about 1,200. . . We made some very good friends. Certain soldiers came night after night, helped behind the counter of their own free will and became quite part of the establishment. Many of them were Toc H men from various parts of the world. One contingent from Brazil soon made themselves known and were entertained by us, to our great pleasure. . . Bit by bit a weekly programme was built up. . . One of the upper rooms was set aside as a Chapel and used twice daily. Staff prayers are held at 7.20 a.m. and Family Prayers at 9 p.m. . . Some people may say, after reading all this, that the

most important part of the work of a Talbot House has been left to the last and that a canteen could do what we are doing. To a certain extent such a criticism is true. In the early days the staff discussed the whole question several times, but now experience has brought them to a common agreement. A Talbot House can only do its work when it meets the needs of the soldiers. . . Service is the foundation stone of our existence, service in its broadest and most comprehensive meaning. It is not for us to dictate or limit the ways in which we shall serve. Unless we meet the common human needs, needs that those who are not here can hardly realise, we have no right to expect to serve in any other way. . ."

Postscript from Rhodesia

Last month we gave news of some good work for troops being done by various Toc H units in Rhodesia. Since then a letter from



Gwelo has come in, with a photograph, which we reproduce, of their Club (we hope this nice room is not often as empty as this!). An R.A.F. member writes:—

"The town of Gwelo is the fourth largest in S. Rhodesia, but is terribly small as compared with English towns. The airmen outnumber the 'white' civilians by about three to one, and girls are about one per forty airmen. . . Last, but not least, you will be pleased to know we have a really excellent Branch of Toc H. The members are all very good indeed and do their utmost to help the troops. When they heard of all the airmen about to descend upon them, they rented a large building, painted it inside and out, and have named it

'Talbot House,' naturally. Talbot House, Gwelo, consists of a very nice lounge, tastefully decorated, a library with a large selection of good books and periodicals, a writing room with free writing materials, etc., and a very good canteen serving a good menu at very cheap prices. . ."

'Ellison Houses'

The latest monthly report of L.W.H. war-work received from Southern Africa gives good news of the Clubs for Service women in Pretoria, Nairobi and Pietermaritzburg, and the canteen at Roberts Heights, where "the girls spend much of their leisure time in the lounge and writing room, some of them appreciating the quietness of the small rooms which enables them to carry on their educational studies"—a picture which reflects an essential characteristic of all the best Toc H Service Clubs. But the news we welcome most this time is that, with Mrs. Ellison's consent, all Service Clubs run by L.W.H. Southern Africa are to be called 'Ellison House' and their canteens 'Ellison Hut.' This is a very fitting tribute to the pioneer work of 'Uncle Harry' and Norah Ellison in Toc H and L.W.H. all over Southern Africa.

The Soldier's Wife

Toc H, as a 'family,' dips into many a man's family affairs. An urgent need, which Toc H units and Service Clubs in many places are trying to cope with concerns the Service man's wife and family who want to visit him. We quote instances from two newspaper cuttings:—

A difficult but very well-worth-while branch of voluntary work is that of finding accommodation near the camps for visiting wives of soldiers. At Toc H in Farnborough a department for this work has now been running for a year, and the experienced helpers there are no longer dismayed when a soldier comes to say, for example, that his wife and her sister and twin babies of six months are coming for ten days. As the district is already crowded the requests of the nightly queue of men must be hard to satisfy, but the difficulties are always, somehow, surmounted. The "Hospitality depot" even lends prams to the wives and gets them passes to have meals or to attend entertainments in Toc H itself.—(From *The Lady*, June 5.)

HAVE YOU A PRAM TO GIVE AWAY?—If any Weymouth families have perambulators of any description they do not want, the Weymouth branch of Toc H would like to have them. Nowadays prams are scarce, and Toc H have decided to make this "drive" for unused ones, repair and repaint

them, and then present them to the wives of Servicemen.—(From *Southern Times*, May 30).

Actually Toc H Weymouth is running the local branch of the Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Families Association. The work is carried on in the Secretary's own house, which, with a dozen prams parked outside, mothers nursing babies upstairs, children mountaineering over the drawing-room furniture and wrestling in the garden, is a busy scene. The Service men's families thus dealt with have numbered 800, their children 1,100. 4,000 interviews have been held, 2,800 letters written and about 3,000 garments provided. Some £1,100 has been used, a third of it raised in Toc H, and the administration of the work has cost only £50. The fact that the Toc H Secretary, "Ajax" Brown, was asked to come to London to speak at the 55th annual meeting of the Association on July 9 was a well-earned recognition of the job done.

Orkney, To and Fro

The movement of ships and troops in Orkney is, of course, specially "hush-hush," but we can at least announce one man out and one man in. Peter le Mesurier, Tubby's cousin and A.D.C., who has long been working in Orkney, has gone back to South Africa, his home, to join the South African Air Force. Jack Clark, for so many years warden of Talbot House, Southampton, the Club for Seafaring Boys, has gone to Orkney to help Tubby. Jack's job at Southampton had changed its character during the war: the club is still full to capacity—but not nowadays with boys. We have received from Orkney Nos. 5 - 8 (all issued at the same time) of *The Peerie Club News Sheet*, fifteen duplicated sheets of personal news about dozens of service men—a really jolly job done by Donald Cochrane.

Who needs one?

A Toc H Branch has been offered the gift of a spinal carriage, to dispose of as they wish. They have no opportunity of using it locally. Would any other unit which could use a spinal carriage for a cripple or wounded man apply to the Editor at H.Q. for details?

MIDSUMMER DAY

MIDSUMMER DAY this year was marvelous; but one old parson, living now in Orkney, had none the less a fit of bad depression, which he could not shake off at breakfast time. Up at St. Olaf's Church, Midsummer Day had early brought a little congregation, for in the Calendar it coincides with the Feast of St. John Baptist; and this coincidence was a reminder of an annual event—upon that very day—to which for many years I had looked forward. Allow me then to introduce to you the ancient City custom still observed within "the One Square Mile" of London Town, on St. John Baptist's Day.

The Red Rose

When Sir Robert Knollys, friend of the Black Prince, and famous leader of Free Companies in the French Wars, retired to Seething Lane, his wife no doubt considered that her husband was of such high distinction in the land that she might be indulged, at their joint cost, with a bow window; who would dare complain? The Mayor of London, and the Burgesses, rightly regarded this intrusive parvoise as an infringement they could not neglect. Her husband, who preserved his sense of humour—distinguished soldiers even now retain an element of fun for fit occasions!—decided that his wife was in the wrong. He therefore flung himself upon the City Court. What should he do to prove his loyalty, and to repent her negligent intrusion upon the City's very proper pride? It was agreed, by him as the Defendant, and by the Mayor and his Eldermen, that good Sir Robert should equip himself, as most befitted such a famous leader, mount once again his steed from the French Wars, and ride to the Guildhall with a red rose, fresh plucked from his own garden, as a token of his submission to the City's laws. This, then, he did on St. John Baptist's Day, from 1346 till he had passed, in ripe old age, from London to his Rest.

This was the custom we rediscovered, re-introduced, and practised year by year; Sir Robert's place being in turn fulfilled by soldier, sailor, airman, of repute; by the Churchwardens, or All Hallows' Sidesmen.

Each year we were received in audience by My Lord Mayor in his great Mansion House, where the All Hallows rose, upon its cushion, remained our loving tribute to his rule.

Midsummer Day, this year. Could it be done? Would Hitler let it happen? Should we please that well-known critic, Dr. Goebbels, if we attempted now to carry on a peacetime practice in the heart of War? Yes, there was no hesitation, when I left, in the arrangements which were going forward, whereby the fresh-plucked English rose of London was to be placed upon its Altar cushion, and carried through the streets to My Lord Mayor.

The Streets themselves were not as they had been. The ancient Church itself came crashing down; first bombed, then burned—but that was in December; and in the last six months we have achieved the roofing over of a tiny portion where now continued worship can be made. So from this little Chapel there proceeded the English rose along the war-worn Streets of the most honest City in the world. Gaunt buildings gaped, and let the morning sun gleam on the rose, and on the small procession. They came to My Lord Mayor—here is *The Times'* account:—

"Sir Ion Hamilton Benn and Mr. J. S. Bland, Churchwardens of All Hallows Barking-by-the-Tower, waited on the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House to make the payment. Sir Ion Hamilton Benn, in offering 'as fine a red rose as is to be had in London,' said that he could picture the famous captor of du Guesclin riding from Seething Lane, attended by his esquires, to pay his fine of a rose grown upon his house there. That day the deputation came in more sombre garb. Seething Lane and the beautiful church of All Hallows lay in ruins. Even the cushion on which the rose was offered was borrowed. The modern vandals had done much to destroy the treasures of the past, and London shared with Warsaw, Rotterdam, and Belgrade that destruction; but our hearts were high and our spirits undaunted. The offering of the rose to the Lord Mayor was evidence that the citizens intended to carry on and maintain the old traditions of the City. The Lord Mayor expressed pleasure at receiving the gift."

The annual scene has been enacted—and I for one am thankful it occurred. When my old father was a London merchant, he had a business friend in Bishopsgate whose telegraphic address was 'Undisturbed, London.' I like to think of this in tragic times.

A Baptism

But here in Orkney something else occurred on this year's Feast Day of St. John Baptist. Upon a certain island in the Flow, handfuls of men came up, out of two Drifters; some of the Drifter men, who brought them thither, landed with them and followed up the hill, until at last they reached a tiny Church, standing nearby the edge of a low cliff. Here they were met by several Naval Officers, two or three very senior C.P.O.'s, some junior Ratings, and an odd half-dozen to represent the other Services.

When all were seated who had so far come, there was a pause of earnest expectation, and the chief actors in the sacred Rite entered the Church, and came to the front pews. Before the little Altar there was seen to be a Font, carved out of Island stone; standing on a square base, and dignified.

Then the Archdeacon, in a brief address, told of his gladness thus to be partaking with in this new-born Church, of the first Christening about to be bestowed upon a child. Then all stood up and sang the Children's Hymn, best known of all, written by Fanny Alexander to tell a child the Story of the Cross. Then came the Opening Prayers, and the Enquiries solemnly answered by the Godparents. Then the small child, still in his Mother's arms, received the Cross for ever on his forehead. Thus, "Michael James" became a loyal Churchman.

Then came the short remainder of the Service; we sang the sailors' hymn; the Blessing followed. "God Save the King" was sung beneath the roof which the Queen gave from Glamis; after the Church had waited for a roof for many months, last winter and last spring.

Then we passed out into the sunlit scene; paused on the heather; and adjourned to tea. Not one of us but felt within his heart that it had been a joy and a relief to spirits wearied with the scenes of war to find themselves at peace, and in Christ's Presence. It almost seemed as if Our Lord Himself vouchsafed to stretch out His scarred Hand that summer afternoon, for half-an-hour. The silence of

the place laid hold on us; and with a good heart for the work in hand, we parted on our duties thus refreshed.

The little Church itself was daringly baptised in the joint names of Ninian and Montrose. The name of Ninian needs no explanation, for was he not the earliest Apostle of the whole Christian Church among the Picts? Did he not venture with his followers, to breast the Pentland Firth, and to proceed even to Dunrossness in Shetland? Montrose, however, is to be connected, for it was off this island in the Flow that in his Ship he penned his final Orders for his forlorn, invincible, endeavour.

The Apprentice

Let me come back once more to London Town. Long years ago, when I was learning London, I came across a tattered bit of parchment, on which a young Apprentice made his mark; or even signed his name, if he could do so. This was none other than the ancient form of Indenture, by which Apprentices in the old days were bound in service for their period. I copied it, and later had it printed, almost without a change. To me it stood as a true parallel for those occasions when child or boy or man decides to serve the greatest of all Masters of mankind. I had a copy here with me in Orkney; therefore, young Michael James received that day, within St. Ninian's Chapel, his Indenture; witnessed and sponsored by his Godparents:—

TO THE GREAT MASTER :

INDENTURE OF APPRENTICESHIP

THIS INDENTURE witnesseth, that MICHAEL JAMES did on St. John Baptist Day, 24th June, 1941, at St. Ninian's Church put himself Apprentice to his Master, to learn his Art, and with him (after the manner of a true Apprentice) to serve with right good will and a wholesome heart. The said Apprentice his Master faithfully shall follow, his Secrets keep, his commands everywhere gladly do. He shall do no damage to his Master, nor see it be done by others, but to his power shall let and stand against such injury to his Master's good cause. He shall not waste the goods of his Master, nor use them unlawfully. He shall not absent himself unlawfully from his Master's service Day or Night. But in all things, as a faithful Apprentice, he shall behave himself towards his Master, his Master's friends, and all that are, or shall be, His.

TUBBY.



MIDSUMMER IN THE HEART OF ENGLAND.

Dover's Hill, Chipping Campden, Gloucestershire. It was the ancient scene of the Cotswold Games, mentioned by Shakespeare in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and before the War was a favourite meeting-place of combined units of Gloucestershire, Worcestershire and Warwickshire T.O.C. for evening picnics. The Hill is now the property of the National Trust.

[Photo: E. S. Tompkins.]

THE LIVING LINK

We have received this note from a member in South Wales.

WHEN folks go away, one is sometimes told that it won't be so bad—more will take their place. They don't. They never do. Every one has his or her own individuality and personality, and I get really sad at the thought of losing friends. To combat this, when war began I started a special address book and have so far managed to keep in touch with all but three of the many names therein. Our object is to meet after the war and see what we can offer towards the reconstruction of the civilised World. We shall be needed, we feel, and we ourselves will need the fillip our companionship will give us.

Lately, my scheme has taken on a firmer aspect. Being the only more or less static 'member' of the list of correspondents I have now become a kind of 'central correspondent' through whom the letters of the others pass on their way to some new part of the world. Thus they can keep in touch with me and with each other.

Probably other people are doing this too. But it seems to me to be worthy of note. We are going to need all the friends we can have in the future, and if this is one method of bringing men and women together, it will have served some useful purpose. R. E.

A CONVERSATION PIECE : II—TO THINK FAIRLY

The Scene is the same as that described last month—the Lounge of a Toc H Services Club. The same five men sit round talking—an AIRCRAFTMAN of the R.A.F., a STOKER of the Royal Navy, a CANADIAN PRIVATE, a young SERGEANT-MAJOR and an elderly HOME GUARD.

HOME GUARD: Well, here we all are, chaps, ready to go on talking Toc H, as we promised ourselves we would last night. You'd better kick off, Major, as the senior officer and because you know the works.

SERGEANT-MAJOR: I'll do my best. But before we get going, let's stop being anonymous—it's so dull. My name, as a start, is Frank.

CANADIAN: I was christened Harro—my old man was a Danish emigrant. They mostly call me 'Ham.'

AIRCRAFTMAN: I'm plain Dick.

HOME GUARD: I answer to Herbert.

STOKER, *suddenly a bit shy*: My folks went and named me Kitchener because I was born the day he was missing on the *Hampshire*—but shipmates always call me 'Gloy' because they say I'm a sticker. (*The others laugh*).

DICK: Now we feel better. By the way, Frank, haven't we just done the proper Toc H thing? 'Abandon rank, all ye that enter here'—isn't that the motto they stuck up over Talbot House in Poperinghe in 1915?

HERBERT: Well, I remember it on the door of Tubby's private sanctum—I had tea in there one afternoon with a brass-hat when I was a lance-corporal—but I can't recollect it over the House itself.

FRANK: Now let's be fair about this so-called motto right away—it has been misquoted and misunderstood quite a lot in the past. Herbert is dead right. The words 'Chaplain's Room' and the motto 'Abandon rank, all ye that enter here' were painted on a board fixed to the door of the little bed-sitting-room which was Tubby's: I've seen it there myself when I was on pilgrimage to the Old House a few years ago. When you come to think of it, there's no other place where the motto would have rung true. The Chaplain in Talbot House had a perfect right to choose his own guests and mix 'em how he liked in his own room. And he certainly did, for—as the Navy regulations so sensibly say—the Padre's job is to be "the friend and ad-

viser of all on board," whether officers or men. But you can't 'abandon rank' in general in an Army on active service or on board ship, where lives depend on clear and instant discipline. You can't even 'abandon rank' in an office or a factory, or, for that matter, in your own family, where father and mother have got to have their say. You can't win battles or get a job done or even live decently together if everybody's going to be top-dog when he chooses. The Russians wanted to try it, but they've had to go back, they say, to ranks and salutes—they wouldn't have put up such a fine show against Jerry if they hadn't. And we have our discipline in Toc H, too. We have an Administrator as 'great white chief,' and a headquarters staff under him, and local officers in every unit. We aren't just a mob of leaderless, well-meaning people. We want to learn things about living and so we recognise the authority of padres and others to teach us. We want to get things done and we take orders from our Branch Jobmaster—the man who knows more about the jobs, we hope, than we do—to set us to work. The 'family spirit,' we say, rules Toc H, but it is really an exacting form of discipline, all the same.

DICK: I know just what you mean. We had two members in a Toc H Group in the R.A.F. I used to be in, who were a real 'awkward squad.' They always argued and wouldn't play. Of course, in the Army you'd have dealt with 'em double quick—C.B. or pack-drill. But we just kept our tempers with them and worked them bit by bit into the ways of the family. When I left they were our two best members, and one of them was Secretary of the Group.

GLOY: I got the shock of my life a few months ago. The Commander sent for me. He knew somehow that I was a bit keen on Toc H and thinking of membership. And I found out afterwards he was a member himself. "So-and-so in your mess is playing the

fool," he said, "You know what I mean. If he goes on much longer I shall have to notice it and drop on him pretty hard. If you want to do what Toc H calls a 'job,' you can get alongside him and pull him up before there is real trouble between him and me. See what you can do—it'll help the ship." That was all: I saluted and went off. The interview was ship-shape and Navy fashion, no sob-stuff, but it did the trick. I got So-and-so to see what a damned fool he was, and he's a very good pal of mine now.

HAM: These tales are all right, I guess, and I'm enjoying 'em fine. But didn't we meet to hear Frank spill the beans on the first Point of the 'Toc H Compass'—*To think fairly*?

FRANK, *smiling*: And I reckon that is just what has been happening so far. I asked you to think fairly about this rank business, and two of you topped up my sermon with instances of how it works out when you do.

HERBERT: Well, I was going to say that if you want to 'think fairly,' you must start by 'thinking.' That isn't just meant to be a smart saying. We Britishers love *doing* things, but thinking isn't our strong suit. In fact, I suspect we often plunge into doing things (building an Empire, for instance) so as not to have any time on our hands to think about them. If the people who built the Empire, or built London or Leeds, had done a spot of thinking about it beforehand they might have been fairer to millions of other folk and saved a great deal of trouble and misery and mistakes. Hasn't Toc H anything to say about that?

FRANK: It certainly has. First of all, I'd like to take you right back to the beginning, the origin of the 'Four Points.' I told you last night that when Toc H started at home after the last war, early in 1920, our people tried to put down the simple rules of the game they were going to teach men to play. Actually what happened was that Tubby Clayton, who had founded and run Talbot House in Flanders, and Alec Paterson, who afterwards became Chairman of Toc H (he's Prison Commissioner now—so don't get to know him officially if you can help it!) met at Dick Sheppard's church, St. Martin-in-the-Fields, one morning, made their Communion,

breakfasted together and tried to get Toc H down on paper. Tubby trotted out some notes which became the 'Four Points of the Toc H Compass' afterwards. Alec Paterson produced 'Four Rules of Life,' and I think it would be worth while to challenge every Toc H member nowadays with them. Most people have forgotten them. Here they are:

EACH DAY

- (1) I will think for two minutes.
- (2) I will read for twenty minutes.
- (3) I will treat every fellow-servant as a brother, not asking from what school he came, or how his father earned his daily bread.
- (4) I will build a new and glorious future for my country, believing that the best is yet to be.

You'll agree that that is discipline for any man, a sight too stiff, perhaps, for lots of us. And you'll notice, Herbert, that it starts in the order you want—with *thinking*. It goes on to reading, which means more thinking. And, thus prepared, you come to the third rule, which commits you to thinking *fairly*, all class-feeling and snobbery apart, about every man you meet. Only in that attitude of mind (what we sometimes call 'the Toc H spirit') can you hope to carry out the fourth rule, the *building* of a new and better world. It sounds straightforward, but you try it!

DICK: Thinking purposely about something worth thinking about for two minutes at a given time—say when you wake up in the morning or while you are shaving—would be quite hard going for me at first. I think it would be rather like saying your prayers—and that's very hard to do for two solid minutes.

FRANK: I fancy you're right, Dick—it might amount in the long run to something like saying your prayers. But don't let's get off the track.

HAM: You're not off the track, buddy. I guess you're talking darned good sense.

GLOY: Take us back to the Four Points, Frank. What does the 'Thinking Fairly' point actually say?

FRANK, *pulling out his 'Toc H Diary'*: Here you are. This is the modern version, revised a bit to make the meaning plainer.

To bring the expert to the unit, hearing him and asking him questions; to listen humbly and hospitably to everyman's story, and to help the truth to prevail.

Then it goes on to explain how :

Members are called upon to find their own convictions, to influence the formation of public opinion, and thus to replace social and racial antagonisms by intelligent understanding.

HAM : O boy, that's a bibful! I guess if we'd all done that—Jerry and John Bull and Uncle Sam and Uncle Joe, I mean—there wouldn't need to have been any war.

DICK : No strikes and lock-outs either, no slums, no profiteers — what price the millenium!

FRANK : If we all followed that through, we should be on the way to it. But, don't worry, we've a very long road to travel yet, and we've hardly started. Aim at the stars, and you may at least get out of the mud.

DICK : You're getting a bit highbrow, Frank. Come down to brass tacks. What do I do when I get up to-morrow so as to start the day 'thinking fairly'?

FRANK : Well, say you are sharing a room in the Club to-night with another man.

DICK : Two actually. One's left a hat on the peg with 'H.M.S.' on it—I haven't seen him yet. T'other is a Scotch gunner—rum-looking bloke, with a face like the back of a cab. All right to talk to, mind you, if I could understand half he says.

FRANK : You can't do much about the sailor yet, not knowing him, except assume that, being Royal Navy, he's worth knowing.

GLOY : Thanks for the bouquet!

FRANK : As for the gunner—suppose you were to say to yourself "I wonder what it feels like to be behind that queer face"—inside the cab, so to speak.

HAM : You mean, putting yourself in the other fellow's place, trying to get inside his skin.

FRANK : Yes, that's it. Suppose you and I did that all day long, with every man we met in our job or even sat opposite to in the 'bus. It would be rather hard work but it would often be fun. And it would make a world of difference in the long run.

HERBERT : Seems to me that, if you *could* do it, it would mean two things. First, that you were thinking—and usually one doesn't think at all about strangers (except perhaps mentally to criticise them). And secondly, it

would be trying to think fairly about them. And sometimes that would take you a stage further—you would want to know them, perhaps to help them or to work alongside them at something. You would get in the way of saying, "Well, like it or not, this chap and I are both sons of God, and we may as well make the best of it."

FRANK : Well played, Herbert! Without meaning to, you've given us the guts of Toc H. Fellowship and Service, I said last night : getting to know a man and wanting to work with him, you say, and that's just a plainer way of putting the same thing.

GLOY : And suppose, when I get to know the other bloke, I find his ideas are tripe. I shall just want to shear off again.

FRANK : That's the real test. "Listen humbly and hospitably to everyman's story," the first Point says. I know it takes doing. But if you carry on, you *may* find that the other bloke talks a lot of sense, in and out; you may come to suspect that some of your *own* ideas are rather tripe after all. Between you, you will, as the first Point says, be "helping the truth to prevail."

HAM : Gee, I guess you're talking some! Suppose the Employers' Federation and the Trade Union bosses began to look at each other on those lines, or Rudolf Hess started out to spot the good points in Joe Stalin! If you started mixing it like that, you'd have a world revolution, with handshakes instead of tommy-guns. And what would the Stock markets make of that?

FRANK : Go easy, Ham, or you'll be getting on to the second Point of the Compass—'*to love widely*.' If you can all spare an hour to-morrow night, we'll tackle it then.

SEVERAL VOICES : Agreed.

HERBERT, *getting up from his chair* : I must be off, chaps; I'm on duty in half-an-hour.

FRANK : Time for a cup of coffee before you go. What do you all say? We can go on chewing the rag in the canteen.

As they leave the Lounge together the voice of HAM is heard saying : See here, Frank, what I can't just figure out is this. . . .

B. B.

TOC H AND COMMUNAL LIVING

ONE of the most characteristic features of the present war is the way in which very diverse strands of society have been drawn together through the common motive of national service and have been compelled to learn the difficult art of communal living.

If we examine a cross-section of the various groupings that have been so formed, for example the A.F.S., A.R.P., W.V.S., Shelter life, Canteens, Rest Centres, Pioneer and Demolition Squads we find in each a mixture of all classes, types, and ages. As a result we have learnt to eat with, work with, live beside and serve people with whom we have before had no apparent common interest. And we readily die with them and for them.

'Friends in common Service'

It has been suggested that Toc H has a part which it should play in relation to this new life. From its contact with that select Service Group, the Army, during the last war it emerged to preserve in time of peace a group of friends in a common service. In those days the army fought and the civilians were only indirectly touched by the war or organised for it, and so Toc H after the war remained as one group among many, an Army of the Kingdom of God to act upon and labour for the people around it.

In this war Toc H is called to preserve in and with and for the community as a whole this art of communal living.

What is Toc H doing in this direction at the present moment? Not so much as we should like. Partly this is so because we have naturally aimed at setting up Talbot Houses to serve the forces of the Crown. Partly because conscription and civil defence duties have dealt a serious blow at our normal Toc H Unit life. But this is no reason for failing to consider what Toc H should and can do in relation to the new forms of communal living which the present war has evoked.

Mark, Room and Services Club

Let us start by considering the three physical expressions of the family life which we call the Mark, the Meeting Room, and the

Talbot House Services Club (*i.e.* the Service Mark). Each of these is in its special way a centre of Toc H life and tradition and is so regarded by the community. These physical assets of the family are far from fully realised. A Mark is empty all day from nine till five, and nearly empty most week-ends. A Meeting Room is empty all day and, alas!, often also six nights out of seven. The Service Marks are full all day and sometimes all night: but they have acquired furnishing and premises which may well survive the war and for which we as yet see no clear use after the war.

Here then we have the material for focal points of this new experiment. But the material requires also the men who will make sure that through these centres the *Main Resolution* is used as a guide to a troubled world. In theory each Mark has a Padre who lives there and is a member of the Staff. In practice finance imposes a limitation on their number. Every Service Mark has a full-time Warden who is now acquiring valuable experience which we ought not to waste in days to come. It would be difficult to staff a Room all day, but at night members of the unit can find there the workshop for the task ahead.

Reaching the new Communities

Toc H has learnt a way of bringing together differing men and of teaching them to mix and work together for a common end, the service of the Kingdom of God. Now I believe we are being called to extend this work not just to a wider range of individuals but to these new groups which have grown up around us and to others which may yet be formed. The meeting room would be a natural centre for its immediate community, be that village, township, encampment or factory. The Mark and Service Mark with their full-time staff men would reach out to a wider field, the Region or Area in which they are placed. Through these centres we should be striving to bring to this new communal life something of the Toc H life and outlook, and this will I think involve three things.

Our three Aims

First, we should deliberately set out to make contact with all the various groups that are growing up, and we should do this with just as much zeal as we watch over the 'mixed' character of a Branch. In the past we have perhaps sought too much to draw men to Toc H with the idea of getting them to join the family. Now we must go out to find people as they exist in these new groups and bring them to meet us *because we have something they need*. Let us give it freely, looking for no return. We have the ability to create fellowship: we must help others through contact with us to create their own fellowship; we can perhaps, in the atmosphere of discussion we have learnt to make, help them to learn to think fairly and to love widely.

Secondly, because we are called in these days to share in communal work, whether it be as A.R.P. wardens or in the A.F.S. or British Restaurants or Rescue Squads, we must try to help these groups in their present planning for the safety and welfare of the people. And if we can win their confidence now, we may be able after the pressure of war is removed to help supply the right motive for the continuation of communal life.

Thirdly we must try to give to the community as a community that same spirit of family life which, in spite of wide and deep divergences, we have discovered.

If we set out to help the community along these lines we shall be faced with a double job. On the one hand we shall have to train

our members. We can be sure that members will come, not least as a fruit of our work among the services. If we have a worth-while job, we have the right to expect and to call on the best men to assist us. On the other hand we have to use our membership in relation to this new life in community. We must guard against any attempt to dominate the community by our family or any rash vision of Toc H as the centre of organisation.

The true Cement

If we succeed in this new call to us it will be only because we are looking steadfastly at the eternal meaning which lies behind it. God has placed men on this earth to live a communal life and by that life to find unity with Him. Communities of men have to be bound together with some form of cement and throughout history men have sought and tried various brands. God has revealed in Christ that the only true binding force between men is the very Christ Himself. The Priesthood of Christ lies in His power to bind men to each other *and to bring them to God* because man without God is futile. And in the exercise of His Priesthood Christ came out to meet us in the wastes of worldly life, yet without ever losing His union with the Father.

We are called to share in His Priesthood: to go out and meet the world as it is and as it is becoming, without losing our membership in the family of God. We have to bring with us the true cement to bind the communities of men into a building founded upon a rock.

MAX C. PETITPIERRE.

THE ELDER BRETHREN

ARNOLD.—Killed in action in March, 1941, Pilot Officer EDWARD ("TED") ROLFE ARNOLD, R.A.F., a member of Leatherhead Branch. Elected 12.12.'28.

BERESFORD.—On May 23, killed in action off Crete, Lieut.-Commander Lord HUGH DE LA POER BERESFORD, R.N., of H.M.S. *Kelly*, aged 32.

DAVIES.—On May 28, Capt. EDWARD JENKINS DAVIES, a member of former Fish-guard Group. Elected 27.8.'30.

FABIAN.—Killed in a flying accident on April 9, Sergeant EDWARD ("SONNY") FABIAN, a member of Shanghai Branch.

OAKES-MONGER.—In May, the Rev. OAKES-MONGER, a general member. Elected 29.1.'26.

POTTER.—In July, WILLIAM POTTER, a member of Sedbergh Branch. Elected 6.5.'27.

WARREN.—Killed on duty on May 29. Cpl. WALTER WARREN, Treasurer of St. Athan, R.A.F. Group. Elected 26.2.41.

ADVENTURE IN THE CITY

BRIAN DICKSON *tells the story of Toc H in Unilever House, London.*

IT all started through a Toc H badge meeting a Toc H tie on the fifth floor. The building, a very fine one, houses 2,500 people, all serving the same firm. The ownership of the badge and tie is of no importance. What matters is that they met, and met again, either by accident or by what the insurance companies call "an act of God." They agreed to look for others, and in a few weeks Toc H in Unilever House reached double figures and invited itself to an "inaugural luncheon."

From that day in January, 1933, things began to take shape. Toc H started a weekly lunch-club at which the members got to know each other and discussed the art of living in preference to mere existence. Gradually, there grew the desire "to do something about it" and someone suggested that they might "give the boys a hand." Thus was launched, "between the soup and the savoury," Toc H's first and lasting adventure in the building, UNILEVER BOYS' CLUB. The Club's first aim is to help the boys to win each other's friendship from the very earliest days of their service with the firm. The value of the Club is the value of those friendships. The second aim, no less important than the first, is that the Club should help its members to find their feet in Unilever House and develop their varied gifts and personalities through running a club which is essentially their own show.

Club Activities

After eight years, Unilever Boys' Club is a flourishing concern, slowly but surely building a tradition of its own and playing an active part in the London Federation of Boys' Clubs to which it is affiliated. It has a membership of about a hundred, and its lunch-bar is run by a team of honorary "Nippies" recruited from the lady members of the staff. These "ladies-in-waiting" have prepared and served the boys' lunches for five days a week over eight years, and in their own lunch hours!

The boys' Club activities include a well-stocked library, table tennis, chess, darts,

gramophone recitals and film shows, while camping, cycling, athletics, football, etc., all had their enthusiastic supporters until war intervened. In the days of peace the U.B.C. magazine, *The Acorn*, had a quarterly circulation of close on two thousand copies. In 1936 *The Acorn* opened a fund as a memorial to King George V and to help start and maintain a boys' club in the Special Areas of County Durham. £80 was raised and used to help the OUSTON AND DISTRICT BOYS' CLUB, a party of whose boys were our guests in camp for a week in 1937. The U.B.C. also has its T'OTHER FELLOW'S FUND. Fifteen per cent. of the boys' weekly subscriptions is set aside to build up this fund, which is used to help poorer clubs and other good causes selected by the Boys' Committee.

In order to keep the old boys of the club together an EIGHTEENERS' CLUB was formed some years ago, and subsequently (July, 1938), THE ANVIL, a lunch-club meeting weekly "to hammer out across the lunch table the problems of the world in general and the art of living in particular"—and very good fun it was.

Last, but certainly not least, of Toc H's peace-time undertakings, were the monthly LUNCH-HOUR SERVICES at St. Swithin's Church. The attendance at these services reached three figures before the war and they were a timely reminder that religion and business are not separate departments in life, but that one should inspire the spirit in which we conduct the other.

In War-time

Then came the war, and many of the younger generation in Unilever House went off to serve elsewhere. Toc H and U.B.C. had to look out for new leaders and adjust their activities to war conditions. Hitler's folly made no impression upon Unilever Boys' Club, which is going as strong as ever, but "staggered" lunch hours proved too much for The Anvil, while the Ouston Club has been taken over by the Miners' Welfare Committee.

The young editor of *The Acorn* was called up at the beginning of the war and publication has had to be suspended until happier days. But Toc H was determined to maintain throughout the war the friendships made in Unilever House in days of peace, and on the very eve of war there was published the first *Toc H News-Letter*, a monthly commentary published for private circulation in Unilever House and beyond. Since then its title has been changed to the *U.B.C. News-Letter*, and its circulation extended to over a hundred old boys serving in the Forces. Its aim is to keep fellowship in stout repair, to maintain trace and track of friends who, because they are out of Unilever House, must not feel they are out of mind. To them it carries news of companions who have been on leave, and extracts from letters, and tells of what is happening in the office and in the Boys' Club.

'Wednesdays-at-One-Ten'

What of St. Swithin's? The services there survived until the "blitz" and lunch-hours cut in half compelled us to discontinue them. Since then the church has been completely destroyed by enemy action. But the spirit behind the services remained and the desire to find some alternative inspired the starting of a new experiment called "WEDNESDAYS-AT-ONE-TEN." This is a series of short lunch-time talks given in the cinema in Unilever House and designed as an aid to the study of the Christian faith in war-time. It has been said that although all of us are alive, few

people know how to live, and that to understand life is to achieve the supreme wisdom. Therein lies the aim of Wednesdays-at-One-Ten.

The story of this adventure in the City has been set down in all humility. These are but small beginnings, and much of what has been done has been due to the willing co-operation of Toc H's many friends, not least the firm itself. The aim of Toc H in Unilever House has always been the same. It is to serve the younger generation and win their friendship; to help them seek out for themselves the true meaning of Life, and, having found it in Christianity, to use their varied gifts in the service of God and their fellow-men. Therein lies the greatest of all adventures and the only one that can save mankind from self-destruction.

B. T. D.

NOTE: It is worth quoting from the little duplicated fly-leaf which advertises "Wednesdays-at-One-Ten" to folk in Unilever House: "This series of lunch-time talks has been aptly described as a kind of mental snack-bar where, within the space of twenty minutes, one can obtain enough food for thought to last throughout the week. In wartime the mind has no less need of vitamins than the body. The talks concern the state of Europe and ourselves. What is it that lies behind the condition of the world to-day? Is it not the failure of men and nations to understand the true purpose of life, and to live in tune with this? We are here to do God's Will, not our own, and there can be no true happiness or lasting peace until that vital truth is accepted. For the moment our common task is to win the war and to waste no time in doing so. But to win the war and lose our sense of God would be the darkest tragedy. In the Christian Faith, and there alone, lies the answer to all the world's needs, and the only real hope of enduring peace."

A PERSONAL WITNESS

Many a unit of Toc H has discovered what profit and entertainment can be got out of a family night on which the members present provide the programme by short talks. Ask the question "How did I come into Toc H?" or "What does Toc H mean to me?" and get them, even the shy ones, to answer it—with a five-minute time-limit in turn, and you may gain more insight into what Toc H really is and does than from all our formal literature. Such talks serve their purpose on the spot, but are seldom recorded. We are, therefore, all the

more glad to have the opportunity of printing such a five-minute talk by a young member, now serving in the R.A.F., given at a meeting of Castle Cary Branch, Somerset.

How does Toc H help me?

MY connections with Toc H are not yet a year old. I did, however, know before this that it existed, and it must have been a score of times that I was asked to come along to the meetings. I am a firm believer that to go into anything with eyes wide open is the

best policy, that is why I hovered so long on the brink of Toc H.

I remember talking to a fellow who professed to know a lot about Toc H, although he is not a member; may I add that when we meet again I shall tell him he knows very little. Well, this good chap informed me that it was a religious institution, and that once a member "Jack was as good as his master." I thought a lot about this, and, to be candid, was not impressed. There are so many religious institutions to-day, and not enough Christianity, and being another fellow's equal and stopping there covers very little ground.

Then I was told that Col. Bonham-Carter was to be the speaker at the next meeting. I came to that meeting and enjoyed it, I went away with shoulders back and head in the air. That Friday evening a few months ago gave me what I had been seeking all my short life, to sing, talk and pray with men of the world. To put laughter, hard work, courage and unselfishness into the pot together and stir well. The potpourri that emerges is the best help that Toc H has given me. It keeps a

sanity, which to-day is all the more essential but very apt to slip. It keeps alive the fire of duty to God and man.

My memory of the last war starts in 1916. I was then four years old. I have a clear vision of a much loved uncle home on furlough from the blood and mud of France. I remember that jolly laugh as he swung me to his shoulders. I remember chats and walks through familiar lanes. I remember bidding him a tearful farewell and how I cherished his last words, "Everything will be all right very soon." I also remember that sunny morning when I was told very gently that uncle would not be back for a very long time. I knew what it meant.

Now, as I stand with you before that flickering light, and hear the words "They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old," I see before me that happy face of a good companion. It was not merely renewed emotion for someone I loved and have lost, but a renewed urge to be and do what would have been a joy to him.

Toc H has given me this—"The baton to continue the race."

TRAVELLER'S JOY

THE EDITOR has received a number of letters suggesting solutions to the difficulty which Tubby ventilated under the above heading in the April JOURNAL.

He pleaded, readers will remember, for "some appropriate list . . . whereby naval members and their friends can discover their brethren on the beach, in every port, from Singapore to Buenos Aires, not only round our coasts. A second list should be available for mobile men, wherever they may be, whose interest in Toc H has been aroused by a chance meeting with a genuine member."

An editorial footnote admitted the problem but pointed out the difficulty of solving it. Anything like a comprehensive list of unit addresses, with the Secretary's name and the meeting night, would be (a) bulky, (b) expensive to produce, (c) difficult to make complete, (d) impossible to keep up-to-date, (e) very difficult, if not impossible, to distribute to the exact men who wanted to use it. The bare list of units in the *Annual Report*

gives no addresses, and even so occupies a dozen large pages. The list in the *Toc H Diary* (not published in 1941 but already in the printer's hands for 1942) is *always* out of date before it reaches members: it can't be otherwise, as it has to go to press so long beforehand. In 1940 it occupied 36 closely-printed pages, and if addresses, even abbreviated, had been added, it would have needed, we reckon, at least 144 of the same handy size.

An additional drawback is that we are not permitted, for reasons of national defence, to print and publish a complete list of Toc H Services Clubs, places which the travelling Service man most wants to find.

The suggestions received fall into three classes:

1. *List*. Only one letter actually deals with the printed list which Tubby wants. It recommends a set of abbreviations à la Bædeker.

2. *A Postcard plan.* One member makes this suggestion:—

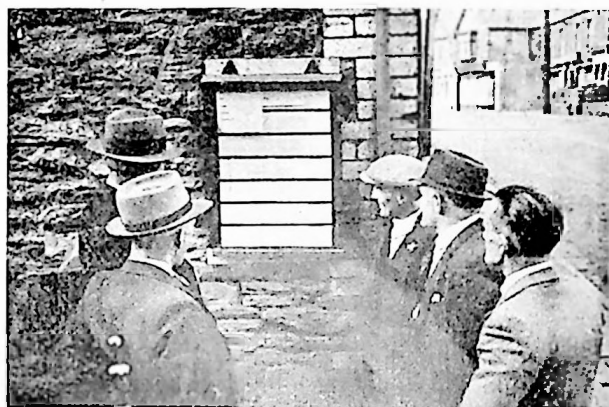
Printed postcards to be available in all Service Clubs and Marks, to be addressed to H.Q., in which a man asks to be put in touch with the nearest unit, say Reading, to the place where he is going. H.Q., on receipt of this, would advise Reading who would reply to the applicant and be responsible for keeping up the contact.

With postage delays we fear that the whole process would often be incomplete before a man had finished his short leave or after he had moved on elsewhere. The writer realises that it might also entail a good deal of extra work for H.Q., and offers himself to help one night a fortnight.

3. *Advertisement.* The other letters all suggest that local units should make their address and meeting night known to strangers by depositing it in one or other of various places, e.g. with the manager of the local branch of — Bank, at the railway station, at the post-office, police-station or town hall. This plan may well be feasible—though one must reckon on the chances of the bank or post-office being shut when the visitor arrives, on there being no railway station, or the bank manager, post mistress or stationmaster being in some cases unwilling to 'play.' To be effective it should be uniform—a man must know where to go in a strange town or village to find the Toc H address. This plan does not, of course, really meet Tubby's desire, for it would not tell a Service-man beforehand if and where Toc H was to be found on his travels.

An actual instance of what can be done to inform and welcome the stranger in simple

fashion may be given. The picture shows an odd job done for the community by a small group of Toc H in South Wales—an idea which might well be taken up by other units.



It is an Information Board, and contains everything useful for the folk of their village. There are the names and addresses of all secretaries of war and other organisations; particulars of medical and other services provided by the local authority; times of trains and buses; places of worship and the names of the ministers; sports and places of amusement; institutes and hotels, and in fact everything useful to the native or the stranger. In addition, there is ample space for Toc H notices. In this instance the case is a steel one, given by a tradesman who had no further use for it, but a handy Toc H member could make a wooden one, with a glass front. The three requisites for a job like this are the touch of imagination to start it, the skill to carry it out and the will to keep it going.

A Good Book

Padre HERBERT LEGGATE writes: I should like to commend to all members of Toc H who are engaged in youth work a book by the Rev. R. W. Howard, M.A., Headmaster of Liverpool College, to whom Toc H in the Liverpool Area has many reasons for indebtedness. That alone would prompt many to read *Talks in Preparation for Confirmation* (S.P.C.K. 4s.). I am not a member of the Church of England but I am eagerly recommending this book to all whom I meet who are engaged in the religious education of young people. Adult members of any Church would profit by reading it.

TOC H PUBLICATIONS

All communications regarding publications should be sent to Headquarters, Toc H, 47, Francis Street, London, S.W.1. Postage is extra on all publications unless otherwise stated.

BOOKS

- TALES OF TALBOT HOUSE. By Tubby. 1s.
PLAIN TALES FROM FLANDERS. By Tubby. Longmans, 3s. 6d.
TOC H UNDER WEIGH. By P. W. Monie. New Ed., Limp Linen, 1s.; 10s. per dozen.
BETWEEN TWO OPINIONS. By P. W. Monie. Boards, 1s.
TOWARDS NEW LANDFALLS. By Hubert Secretan. Boards, 1s.
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